

# GOULDS MAY AGREE TO MAKE UP DRIP COURT PROCEEDINGS

Friend Says They Have at Last Realized That Their Differences Are Trivial and Charges So Frivolous No Court Would Uphold.

There has suddenly come a rift in the clouds that were darkening the domestic peace of the Frank Goulds. An intimate friend of the young matron declared to-day that a reconciliation was not only possible, but was practically assured.

Notwithstanding that papers were served upon the youngest of the millionaire children of Jay Gould, there is now very little prospect that issue will be joined in a suit for limited divorce.

The high-spirited wife is relenting and the young man's bitterness is giving way to sorrow for his hasty action. The change has come about as a reflex to surcharged emotions, that were really based more on pique than actual wrongs, and it only remains for relatives and close friends to tactfully bring the young people together again.

To an Evening World reporter who called at the Gould mansion at No. 533 Fifth avenue to-day, Mrs. Frank Gould went out the following note:

"There is nothing to say in any way. The newspapers really make a person's life quite miserable, and I don't think they quite realize that in many cases they may be responsible (by the lies they print) in causing and keeping trouble in the family. I am not afraid of any story that can be printed, even if made up, and I am sorry, but I cannot and will not see any one. Sincerely yours, HELEN KELLY GOULD."

A friend very close to young Mrs. Frank Gould who was seen in her home to-day said that the last was the most serious of many stormy fits that have disturbed the conjugal bliss of the Frank Goulds.

"Reconciliation Bliss."

"But," said this friend, "you may say that the tempest has passed its climax and that a reconciliation is now pretty well assured—in fact, I may say quite certain. The whole trouble has been caused by disingenuous friends and tale bearers. There has been a great deal of tattling back and forth about the doings of husband and wife. The merest peccadillo has been distorted so by these tattlers that both husband and wife soon grew to think they had real grievances."

"Mrs. Gould is very high spirited and impetuous, and will not brook correction and chiding by her husband, and he has now and then been very unkind. As for him, he has brooded and sulked, until he thought he was dreadfully wronged."

Charges Light and Frivolous.

"While in such mental state the separation proceedings were begun. The lawyers told them both that they had not the slightest cause of action, that their troubles were imaginary and their charges light and frivolous in the eye of the law as dream stuff."

And now they are beginning to see it this way themselves and overtures have been made to them to have finally met with consideration. Frank Gould's bitterness, before it suddenly dawned upon him that his wrongs were really the twisted shapes of chimera, gave way to a remarkable lamentation in which he constructed a corollary on the course of gold. He said:

"I never realized what a curse it is to have money."

A fellow can have a bully wife, beautiful children, money and all that and still that chap can be cursed—made unhappy."

"If I had been a poor chap I could have escaped all this. I stand in front of me all the time. I just can't talk. I need a rest. I am fagged out, worn out, beat—just dead beat. You know how a chap will get 'Work' No. 1 worry—worry. That is man's greatest punishment."

Doesn't Blame Either.

"Am I to blame in this matter? No, no, I am not to blame. And I do not blame my wife. Why should I?"

"When was this action begun?" he was asked.

"Last Wednesday. My wife and I both tried hard, but we were driven. What can one do when he is driven—I feel this thing terribly."

"Think how it will look at this time—the name Gould in all the newspapers. Have I a defense? I should say I have! But don't you think this is personal? I can't act like a cad. I should say no."

"Do you blame your mother-in-law?" was asked.

"That is my private affair, sir," he added, more calmly than before, in effort to smile.

Wife's Mother a Factor.

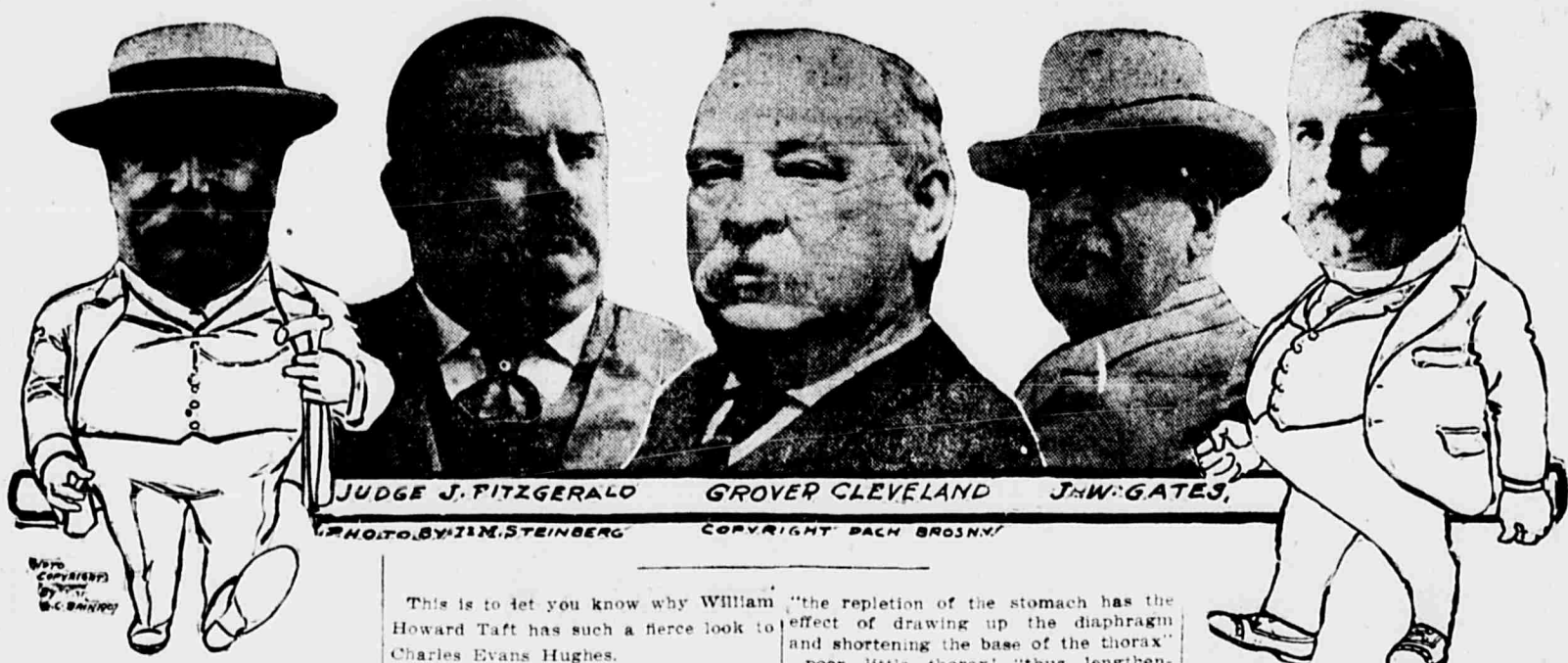
"Seriously, I don't. I like my personal affairs up for me. I like the way the papers are conducted abroad, where they don't have scandal. Can't such things be stopped in this country?"

Mrs. Edward Kelly, Mrs. Gould's mother, has done all in her power to heal the breach between her daughter and son-in-law.

Mrs. Kelly talked about the separation of her daughter and son-in-law. She said:

"The fact that there is nobody else

## Why Fat Men "Walk Proud and Look Fierce" Gravely Explained by a French Savant



### I'LL CARRY OUR FIGHT TO DENVER, SAYS M'CARREN

He Will Also Join Next Week in Conference of Protesting Up-State Leaders.

Senator McCarrren was, on the job to-day at his headquarters in Brooklyn, conferring with his leaders, and laying preliminary plans for a campaign that will last from now until the September primaries.

One point he has decided upon. He will go to the National Convention at Denver and make an effort to have the Committee on Credentials reverse the action of the Democratic State Committee throwing out certain McCarrren men from Brooklyn.

This action he will take, irrespective of any movement that may be backed by the protesting leaders from up State. He has promised, however, to aid any proceeding that may tend to embarrass Murphy and Connors in their project to Tammanize the whole State of New York.

"The attack on me," said Senator McCarrren at the Clarendon Hotel, "is strictly personal. There is no legitimate complaint against the organization of Kings County, and Murphy and Connors know it."

McCarrren Holds Inspectors.

"I see that Murphy claims that all he has to do is walk in here next July and take control of the primary election machinery. He will find himself sadly mistaken. The same inspectors that served in the last primaries will serve again in September. As for that, however, it makes little difference, because I will win hands down, irrespective of any combination they may bring from across the river to beat me."

"The Democratic organization of the State of New York is no longer a representative political body. It is a business concern."

"There should be a shingle out at the Victoria Hotel reading:

"Murphy & Connors, 'Strong-Arm Work a Specialty.'"

"Murphy is the oiler of the combination. Connors does the coarse work. They are bold operators, but in their operations at Carnegie Hall they overlooked the fact that there are laws in this State."

Conference Within a Few Days.

"This question of law violation will not be allowed to pass. It is proposed by up-State leaders to call a conference at Syracuse or this city within a few days to decide upon a course of action."

"In all probability there will be a real Democratic Convention held in New York within two weeks, irrespective of what the up-State leaders may do. I shall go to Denver and fight to have my delegates seated."

"As of the local situation, Murphy and Connors are about as welcome in Brooklyn as a contagious disease. I would like to see them come over here and try to seize the headquarters of the Kings Democracy. They would discover something of the feeling entertained by the people of this community concerning them."

It is possible that Judge Alton B. Parker will refuse to go to Denver as one of the four delegates-at-large. Charles F. French, of Albany, and Charles F. French, of Albany, are also delegates-at-large.

Mr. French has been looking at the map of the United States, and has about come to the conclusion that Denver is too far away from the Williamsburg Bridge.

Grant has refused to serve as a district elector. He was chosen without his knowledge and has not as yet been formally notified of his selection. Without waiting for such notification he has declined the honor.

The State Committee—otherwise known as the "Committee on Credentials"—will fill all vacancies created by the declarations of delegates or electors to serve.

William Jennings Bryan will be in New York Monday to look over the situation. He is to speak in Glens Falls to-night, and has a dozen volunteer advisers are trailing him in his travels, trying to get him to see things according to their lights.

Chairman Connors met Bryan in Rochester last night, but they did not talk politics. It is believed that Bryan and Charles F. French will hold a private conference here Monday. There is no chance, however, that Murphy will make any pledges to Bryan.

FOUR MEN DROWNED.

WINNIPEG, April 18.—Four men were drowned to-day by the upsetting of a scow crossing the Battle River. Nine Grand Trunk Pacific Railway workmen were thrown into the water, but five of them escaped.

This is to let you know why William Howard Taft has such a fierce look to his face.

The secret popped out yesterday during the regular weekly discussion before the French Academy of Sciences, according to a cablegram that came over to-day, fresh and palpitant, from Paris.

Usually when the great French savants get together they talk about momentous questions such as "Resolved, That the Red Pants Wear the Soldiers of This Republic Wear Ear-Drum-Deafening Weapons Than Their Fire-arms."

It was expected that they would talk yesterday about some new and timely topic such as the Merry Widow Hat, with a view to deciding whether it should be classified as military or architecture, or else try to figure out the percentage of chances of the Prince de Sagan for bringing home the money.

But no. Some Gallic Brander Bones, sitting on the far end and down the line, and his pointed fan and head this time came at the interlocutor:

Here is the Problem.

"Why do fat men walk with a proud carriage and despite their joviality often have a fierce look in the eye?"

The interlocutor happened to be an eminent savant bearing the quaint French name of Robinson. And Sav. Robinson was right there with the ready reply.

Without a moment's hesitation he passed them out a complicated and highly technical explanation—the language of the cablegram—to show that

"The repletion of the stomach has the effect of drawing up the diaphragm and shortening the base of the thorax—poor little thorax—thus lengthening the waist. The mechanical effort of this is to force the stout, well-fed man to strut."

"At the same time," said "Sav." Robinson, "every stout person is inclined to have a fierce look in his eye, because the socket in which the eye-ball moves is encumbered with adipose tissue."

It is Tissue. Not Pride.

There you are: Adipose tissue—or plain fat, if you want to use the most vulgar term of the masses. So now we know when we see Supreme Court Justice Fitzgerald coming down the street behind the greater portion of himself, with a pronounced list air as he pushes the load, that he's not proud. And when we observe John W. Gates sitting in his own lair, like the standing of the Washington team at the end of the American League season.

It is merely that the base of his thorax, although not so stout as his own, all will at once realize that he has a fierce look in his eye, because he has such a load in his chest.

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"The look of utter dejection that Samuel Friedman has worn since his wife died a month ago saved his life to-day. His sorrowful visage warned a druggist from whom he bought a bottle of carbolic acid and the druggist diluted the poison with water until it was about as deadly as circus lemonade. Therefore Samuel Friedman will continue to live and mourn."

Friedman, who is twenty-eight years old, married a young woman of Brownsville a year ago. He had a little grocery in Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, and was the happiest man in Greater New York. Nor was his happiness diminished when, on March 5, Mrs. Friedman presented him with twins. The mother appeared to be recovering from the ordeal when, on March 7, she experienced a sudden relapse and died before a doctor could be summoned. The blow soured life for Samuel Friedman.

He sold his store and placed the twins in an orphan asylum. Since that time he has wandered around, stopping for a few days at a time at the homes of friends and making them all miserable with his moanings and complainings.

Morris Rosenblum, his cousin, was entertaining him over the Passover holidays at No. 81 Ridge street. Friedman fared forth to-day, purchased the carbolic acid and drank it in the best room in Rosenblum's flat. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital and will be arraigned in Essex Market Police Court to-morrow.

DEAD IN HIS ROOM 2 DAYS.

"Happy John" O'Brien Alone When Stricken With Heart Disease.

John O'Brien, a cabman, well known around the Grand Central Station, where he was familiarly called "Happy John," was found dead in his bed to-day. He had been with Mrs. Legenos, No. 137 East Fifth street, Thursday night when he went to bed was the last time his landlady saw him, and as she missed him she forced the door of his room to-day.

Mrs. Legenos called Policeman Powers, and when Dr. Hastings came from River Hospital he said that O'Brien had died of heart disease two days ago. O'Brien was fifty years old.

Fat People

I WILL SEND YOU A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

I can reduce your weight 10 to 20 pounds in 10 days and turn it into health and vigor. I can cure your indigestion, give you energy and vitality, and rid you of all the ailments that come from a weak stomach.

I am a regular, successful physician and a specialist in the treatment of all the ailments that come from a weak stomach. I have a special method of treatment that is new and scientifically perfected. I have a special method of treatment that is new and scientifically perfected.

Accuses the Surgeons.

Father of Child Who Died in Hospital Asks for Investigation.

Edwin Humphries, of No. 219 East Twenty-eighth street, a driver in the Street Cleaning Department, has asked the authorities to investigate the death of his twenty-two months old son, Anthony, at the Willard Parker Hospital, where he was being treated for bronchitis.

Humphries says a nurse told him his child was killed by having too large a tube thrust into its throat. The lining of the throat was ripped and death followed. The tube was of the size commonly used for nine-year-old children.

Humphries says, "The hospital gives bronchial pneumonia as the cause of death, and the father was told not to ask any questions."

MINERS REACH AGREEMENT.

TOLEDO, April 18.—The 200,000 idle miners in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana will go to work next Monday. An amicable agreement between miners and operators was reached and ratified yesterday.

Brain Workers

have special need to keep the digestion strong, in order that the food may renew, through the stomach and bowels, the supply of nervous energy. Use

Beecham's Pills

### SAD FACE SAVED FRIEDMAN FROM SUICIDE'S DEATH

Seeing Look of Dejection Caused Druggist to Dilute Carbolic Acid.

The look of utter dejection that Samuel Friedman has worn since his wife died a month ago saved his life to-day. His sorrowful visage warned a druggist from whom he bought a bottle of carbolic acid and the druggist diluted the poison with water until it was about as deadly as circus lemonade. Therefore Samuel Friedman will continue to live and mourn.

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## SAVED FROM RIVER ONLY TO DIE WHEN CARRIED ASHORE

Watchman Says the Man Jumped, but Victim Declared He Fell

The man who jumped off the pier at the foot of East Eighth street last night and died after he was pulled out was John Buckley, according to officials of the Central Islip State Hospital for the Insane.

Jesse Matichen, watchman for a hotel firm, saw a tall, stout man deliberately leap into the water about 11 o'clock. The man struck out vigorously, and swimming in the direction of Seventh street, turned over and began to float on his back. Matichen and Policeman Shaw got on a float and pulled the stout man aboard.

"Why did you jump off the pier?" the policeman asked him.

"I didn't jump. I fell off," said the man, and fainted.

An ambulance from Bellevue was called, but the man died in a few minutes. He was about forty-five years old, with a reddish mustache, and had a large tumor on his forehead. In his pocket were letters addressed to "John Buckley, Central Islip State Hospital, care of Dr. Smith." These were signed "Brother Jim," with the address, No. 213 Kent avenue, Brooklyn.

Lieut. William Sullivan, of the Bureau of Information, telephoned the Islip asylum to-day and was told that the man's description corresponded with that of John Buckley, who was admitted to the institution on Dec. 12 and discharged on March 8 in the custody of his wife, whose address is No. 345 Manhattan avenue, Greenpoint.

WILL SING FOR CHARITY.

Gadski to Appear at United Hebrew Charities Benefit.

To aid in the charitable work of the United Hebrew Charities, Mrs. Gadski, the noted soprano, and Vladimir de Pachman, the pianist, delayed by more than a week each their contemplated trips abroad. Both have agreed to appear at the big benefit performance that will be given by the charitable organization in the Metropolitan Opera-House on the evening of April 23.

Besides an elaborate musical programme, there will be several dramatic performances. Miss Mabel Taliaferro, and her company will appear in the second act of "Pony of the Circus." The boxes will be occupied by prominent society people, and the orchestra seats also have been sold in advance.

The money realized will be devoted to meeting the heavy calls that have been made on the treasury of the United Hebrew Charities.

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## GIRLS WHO WORK



Girls who work for their living are especially exposed to the dangers of organic feminine disorders. Standing all day, or sitting in cramped positions; walking to and from their places of employment in bad weather all tend to break down their delicate feminine organism.

No class of women are in need of greater assistance, and thousands of letters like the following demonstrate the fact that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND restores the feminine system to a strong, healthy, normal condition.

Miss Abby E. Barrows, of Nelsonville, O., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was very sick, had dull headaches, pain in my back, and a feminine weakness. I had been to several doctors and they did me no good. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, and I can do most any kind of work. I am in better health than I ever was, and it is all due to your medicine."

Miss Lillian Ross, of 530 East 84th St., New York, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had a female trouble, nervous headaches and was tired all the time and could not sleep. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me feel so much better that I hope every woman who suffers as I did will try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ailments, and has positively cured thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice.

JAPALAC

A HIGH GRADE VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED



If your chandeliers are tarnished, you can make them look like new, with a small can of JAPALAC. Use either GOLD, ALUMINUM or DEAD BLACK, whichever color is best suited to the surroundings.

SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL COLORS. SIZES FROM 4 PINT TO GALLON.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS PAINT, HARDWARE AND DRUG DEALERS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

"PRESIDENT'S GRIP" MAKES DISCUS THROWER WINCE.

(News Item)

But what do you think of The World's "grip" on first place as an advertising medium?

335,113

Separate advertisements have been printed in The World so far this year.

28,955 More than were published in the Herald.

A Grip that is Sealed By the Signal, "Results."

"THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE TO MARY."

This is the title of the next song to be given with the New York Sunday World. Words and music complete. Come song hit of "Follies of 1907" which enjoyed a good run at the New York Theatre last year and is now on a return engagement. This is a great comic song. Words and music by Bill Kent; by arrangement with Maurice Strakos.